

# The 6ths, As You Turn To Go

Let the camera linger on your perfect skin  
Your widows peak and your lucky grin  
And the bluest eyes I know  
As you turn to go  
Let there be a record of your gorgeous voice  
The turn of phrase that filled my days with joy  
Something like Bing singing soft and low  
As you turn to go  
I know I'm not supposed to say I'm sorry  
I know you've had more loves than Mata Hari  
But you know you're the star of my life story  
And I'm so sorry  
Let the poets struggle to describe your heart  
Your art of love and your love of art  
Well, if you ever loved me  
Tell me so  
As you turn to go